

Euphoric/Fiesty

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Euphoric/Fiesty

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Two DNF fics
Not connected in any way, really
More SkepHalo coming soon! :)

Notes

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Explicit RPF bruv

If/When George/Dream says they're uncomfy with this shit, I'll take it down. Anyway, their relationship is very cute, and they're obviously very good friends :)

First fic uses George/Clay with George calling him 'Clay', second uses George/Clay with George calling him 'Dream'

Euphoric

It was almost euphoric, having Clay in his presence and on his back, lips pressed into a thin line, sweatshirt riding up to expose his smooth skin.

It was hard to believe, at times, when they only knew each other behind screens, that George was the older one. But now it was so obvious, with the way Clay was so willing and pliant, eyes half-closed and averted as George pistons his hips in a slow, smooth motion, rolling and grinding against him.

Sweet, soft moans rise from the man below him, his hips twitching, chest rising and falling with short, shivering pants.

"George--" Clay groans, hands fisting in George's black t-shirt, tugging him in.

It makes George bite his lip, feeling Clay's hot breath against his face, hearing the bitten-back, small whines and choked-off moans that had gone unheard when he was further away. But now that he was closer, George was able to drink in all of the lovely noises that Clay was making.

"Mh? Yeah, Clay?" George muttered into his ear, making him seize up, hips jerking all shuddery and desperate.

"Ghh-- God, please, need it-" Clay babbled, pushing and pulling at George's shoulders, thighs trying to trap his hips in order to make his needy humping easier.

"Aww, what is it? Wanna cum?" George snickered, though his own chest was heaving, hands sliding to grip Clay's hips, thrusting against him, hurriedly trying to push both of them over the edge, to achieve that pleasure.

"If you want it so bad, then do it. Ngh-- come on. Cum for me, Clay." He hissed, biting his tongue and dropping his head onto Clay's shoulder, while the younger man gagged on a moan, a low, garbled noise breaching his lips as he came, hips bucking wildly.

"Pretty." George snickered, almost resisting the urge to leave a bite on Clay's neck. Almost.

After he had left one or two dark marks on the other man's neck, he shifted to pull away, watching Clay catch his breath. Hair mussed up, eyes all cloudy and drooping. Hoodie twisted up and exposing his smooth skin.

One word bounces around in George's head. Euphoric.

Fiesty

Chapter Summary

Bottom george lol

Chapter Notes

Enjoy ya horndogs

It's almost like wrangling a cat. Neither of them minded, it was like a game. Teasing and stepping around the true action until one of them ended up against a wall. And, well, it couldn't be more literal for George.

At least Clay was gentle when he pressed George up against the wall, twisting his arms behind his back with one hand, the free hand sliding up the front of his shirt.

Clay was cold, fingers just slightly icy against George's warm skin. It pulled a groan from his throat, hips pressing fully against the wall in front of him.

As Clay's hand moved, so did George's shirt, until the younger's hand was at his throat, and his shirt was bunched up under his arms.

"Geez, George. Desperate much?" Clay muttered into his ear.

He dropped George's hands in favor of cupping him through his pants, savoring the way his breath hitched, the way his head tipped back against Clay's shoulder.

George didn't keep his hands behind his back, in favor of twisting himself around to face Clay head on, face flushed pink, eyebrows cinched together.

"Fuck, Dream-" He breathed out, pulling Clay's hand back into place, grinding against the appendage.

"Calm down. What, d'you think I'm not gonna let you cum?" Clay took it all in stride.

Even when he really wanted to, it was hard to keep George in place. Sometimes, he would be all sweet and pliant, but only on rare occasions. And this was not one of those occasions.

Clay palmed at George in rough motions, biting back a snicker at his trembling legs, brows furrowed in concentration as he rutted against Clay's hand, breathing out his screenname, of all things.

It was no surprise. George had just gotten into the habit of spitting out 'Dream' whenever they spoke. Not that Clay minded. It was cute, hearing him say it.

And it was even cuter when George was bracing himself against the wall, head tipped back as he

bucked against Clay's hand, grinding in tight little circles and he pushed himself to the edge, but it wasn't enough. He just needed a little more...

"Dream-- Ah-- God, please, please-" He panted out, and his efforts were handsomely rewarded.

Clay leaned in, capturing his lips for a spare second. "Come on, George. Cum for me."

He paired this with a squeeze, grinding the heel of his palm against George as he used his other hand to hold the older man still. George still tried to buck, to no avail, choking on a whine and seizing up, shaking and absolutely soiling his pants.

Clay shrugs the mess off with an "oops", holding George steady until he got his bearings.

"Dream! You can't just leave me like this, get me a new set of pants!" George groans, hobbling on after Clay when the younger had escaped the room.

Even post-orgasm, George was as fiesty as ever.

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